BUT---None of these things signalized this hour of Moses coming; and neither do we know if one voice rejoiced to say..."*A man-child is born into the world.*"

Bible history intimatesthat: it was not only a mother's love for her newly-born infant, but his preternatural goodliness which led Jochebed to hide Moses from the cruel fate decreed by Pharaoh which now hung over him...To be thrown into the Nile and drowned; or worse, devoured by hungry Crocodiles!

If "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," who shall describe the emotions which swelled in the breast of Amram and Jochebed when, for the first time, they bent over their second son, and "*saw that he was a goodly child?*"

Surely, they must have regarded his extraordinary beauty as a certain token that the God of Israel had invested him with some high commission!

Moses countenance was radiant; he was magnificently handsome...

Stephen, when preaching before the Sanhedrin on the wonderful history of Israel past; employed the strongest terms to describe him---Moses was exceeding fair; that is...divinely fair, or fair unto God!

Deliverer! Leader! Lawgiver of Israel; what a signal honor his!

By the arrangements of Divine Providence Moses is brought up in all the wisdom of Egypt. Adopted by one of the royal family, his Princess-mother obtained for him the best instructors.

He was taught to read the curious characters to which Egyptians sages consigned their speculations and their learning, and his own meditations he was taught to consign to a roll of papyrus.

In that geometry which the land-surveying of their inundated land made so necessary, and in the cognate astronomy in which they were wonderful adepts, he was in due time initiated---and from the fact that he was afterward able to reduce a golden image to dust, it is evident that he was no stranger to the processes of their practical chemistry.

Had he not been thoroughly educated in all the learning of Egypt, and thus adorned with "EGYPTIAN JEWELS," he could never have written, as he has, the first five books of our volume we call...HOLY SCRIPTURE.

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From Spurgeon's SALT CELLARS.....

Nothing is clean to a vulture!
Never cackle till your egg is laid.
Never dispute about the wool on a cat.
Never put your finger between the anvil and the hammer.
Never wash a sheep in scalding water.
No bees, no honey; No work, no money.

Now is now here, but to-morrow's nowhere.